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Red

Nothing But Red



162 10 9

Chapter 1 by The Ginger

Imaginary friends are acceptable, imaginary houses are not. That is what I have learned from a lifetime of madness.

Chapter 2 by -



I would step into a what I thought was a house. Look around, and get comfortable. That's the way people in this world got homes. Everyone wandered about and slept in a home they liked. If you wanted to, you could stay there for multiple days...

Anyway, I decided that I would stay the night in this cute little red house. I was tired, and couldn't wait to get into bed. I was just about to lay my head on the fluffy red pillow, when it disappeared!

Ugh, I was so mad. Someone had started manufacturing fake homes. This meant that they were only illusions. And as soon as you believed in it, it would vanish. Poof - into thin air!

You seem a bit confused. Let me explain further. The MITH (Make It To Home) society decided that it was going to eliminate unemployment and homeless people

Everyone would be split into two groups. Group 1 would refurbish houses for a year. Group 2 would live in the refurbished houses. After a year, the groups would switch jobs. This was a continuous cycle. The main goal of MITH.

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Until recently, when someone started creating a bunch of fake homes. Now, people are cultivating undesired expressions. Anger, fear, detachment...

Chapter 3 by thelastunicorn



red

Chapter 4 by Charlotte



My name is poppy and starting tomorrow I will be old enough to start building homes. I'm not excited about it. My brother is three years younger than me and I can't trust him for more than a second. How am I supposed to let him wander around while I build? His name is Aaron and I was stuck with him when my dad died. My mom...well...we don't really talk about my mom. I'll be 18 years old tomorrow, I have a 15 year old pain in the butt to take care of, and no parents to help me. I can't trust Aaron to stay in a house if it's gonna poof as soon as he opens a cabinet. Maybe I can fix this. Maybe I can change the imaginary houses for good. Maybe I can make things right. I could make my dad proud. I could make my mom...maybe I could make her remember who I was.

Chapter 5 by



The only problem was (and it was a big one) that I had no idea how to start. All night, I kept tossing and turning in my bed, trying to think hard of a plan but nothing came to mind.

Not a single idea. Ugh.

As it turns out, I only caught a few hours of sleep until the day dawned bright the next day.

"Happy Birthday to me." I whispered frustrated, as my alarm beeped. Switching it off, I hoisted my tired limbs out of bed.

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Aaron had too.

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